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# HEROES

## CHAPTER 80 MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Linda learns at a young age that she has a powerful, but deadly ability. After being home schooled and kept like a prisoner all her life, Linda starts to become restless. She soon discovers that she is able to see bands of energy surrounding living things, and the more powerful they are; the more Linda is drawn to them.



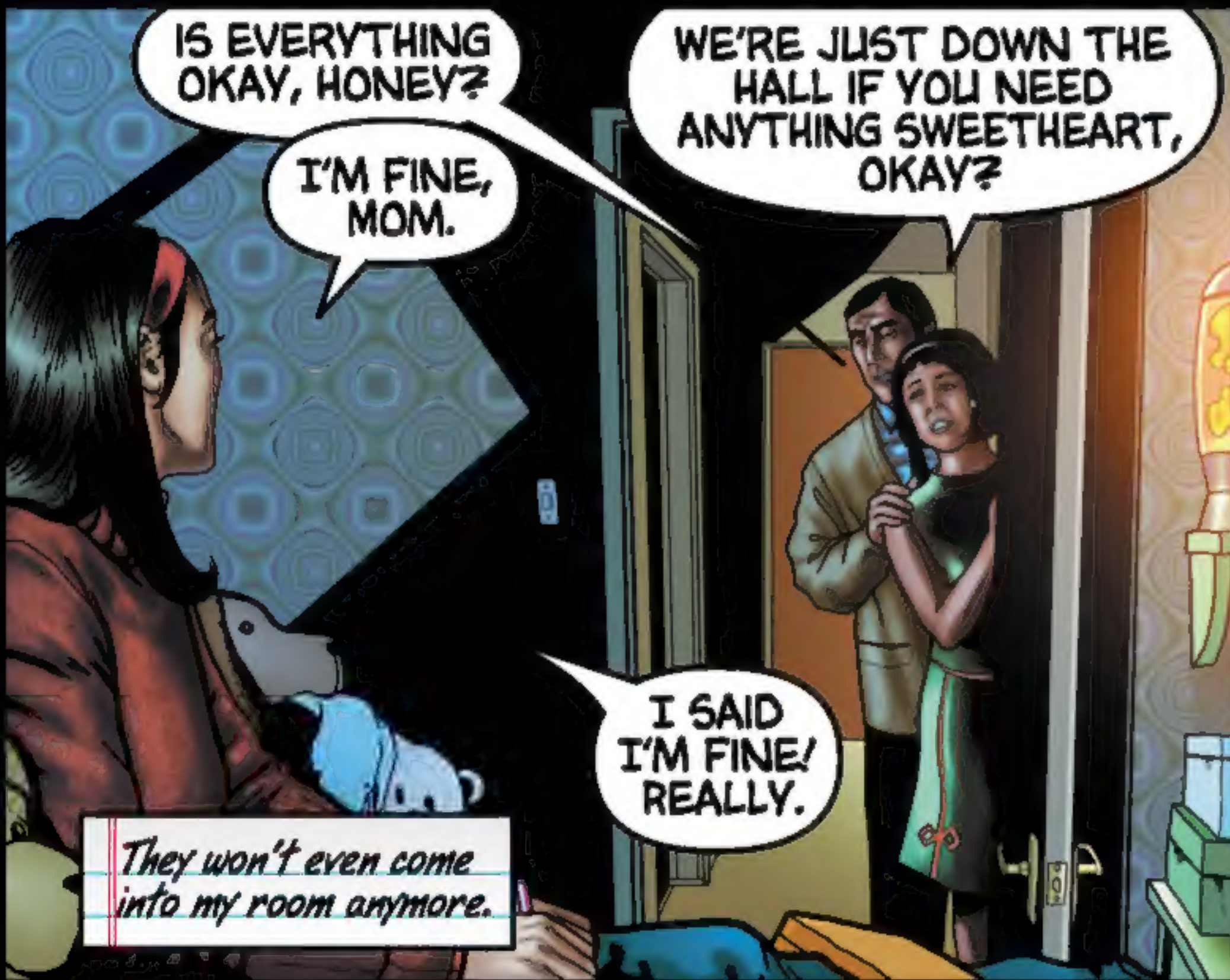


LINDA TAVARA,  
1967

My parents are afraid of me.  
I can tell.

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**

YES?



IS EVERYTHING  
OKAY, HONEY?

I'M FINE,  
MOM.

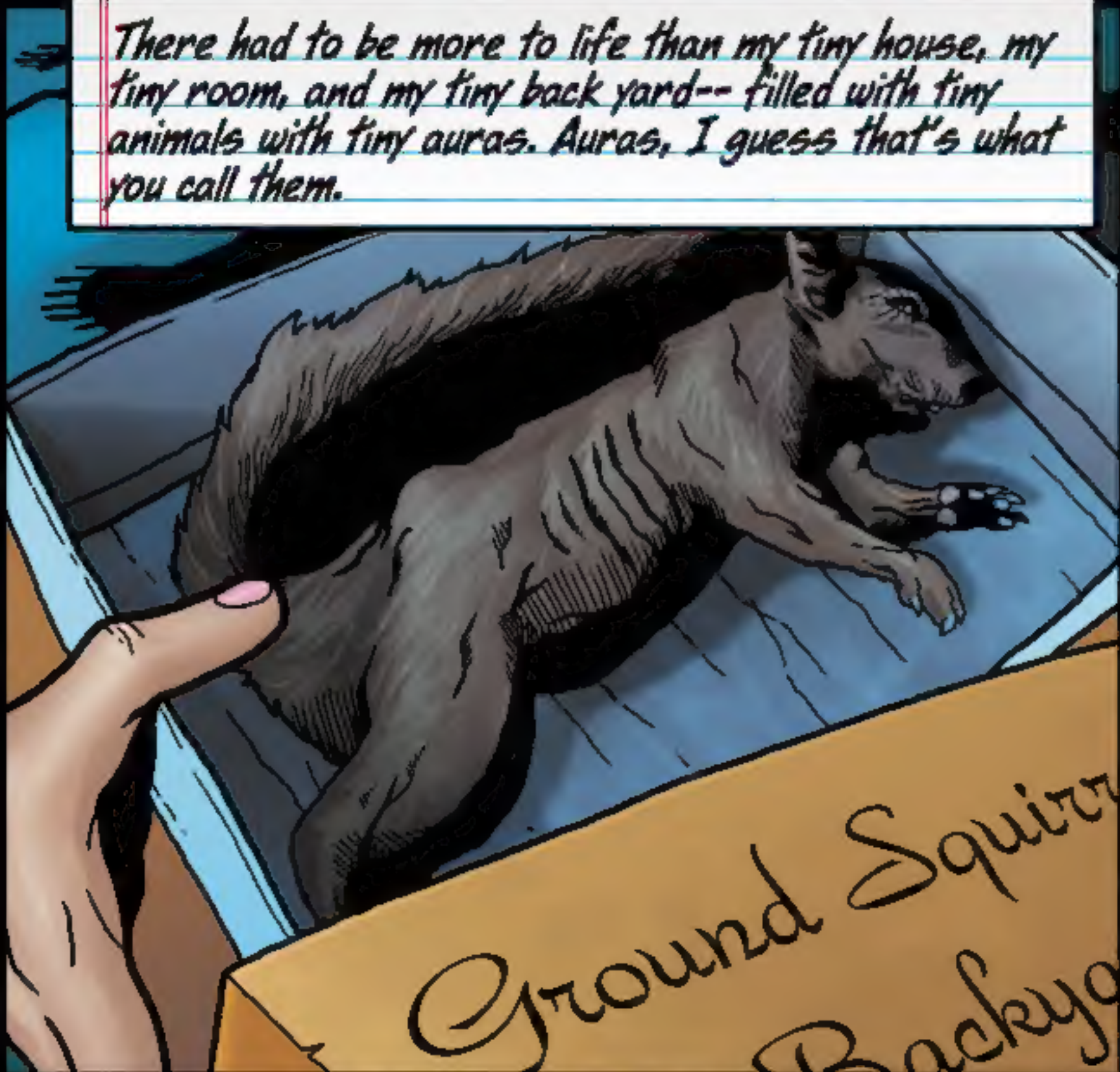
WE'RE JUST DOWN THE  
HALL IF YOU NEED  
ANYTHING SWEETHEART,  
OKAY?

I SAID  
I'M FINE!  
REALLY.

They won't even come  
into my room anymore.



That's just as  
well. I don't  
want them to  
come into my  
room and see  
what's in the  
boxes.



There had to be more to life than my tiny house, my  
tiny room, and my tiny back yard-- filled with tiny  
animals with tiny auras. Auras, I guess that's what  
you call them.



I wanted more.





*I dream about auras every night.  
Lots of them.*



*They wait for me. It's like each  
person holds a star beneath their  
skin, each one begging to escape.*

*Some of them shine so bright I couldn't  
help but be warmed by their presence.*



*I longed for that  
warmth. And, with  
every touch of  
every hand, I felt  
it flow through me.*



*I could feel everything,  
their hopes, their  
dreams for the future,  
while they no longer  
felt anything at all.  
Their spark belonged  
to me now.*



*Whenever I had those dreams I  
awoke with an intense craving to  
feel the way I felt in my dreams.*





*One night, I couldn't stand the gnawing thirst any longer.*



*I spent my nights just watching others--observing the beautiful colors that surrounded them.*



*Some beamed bright like beacons.*

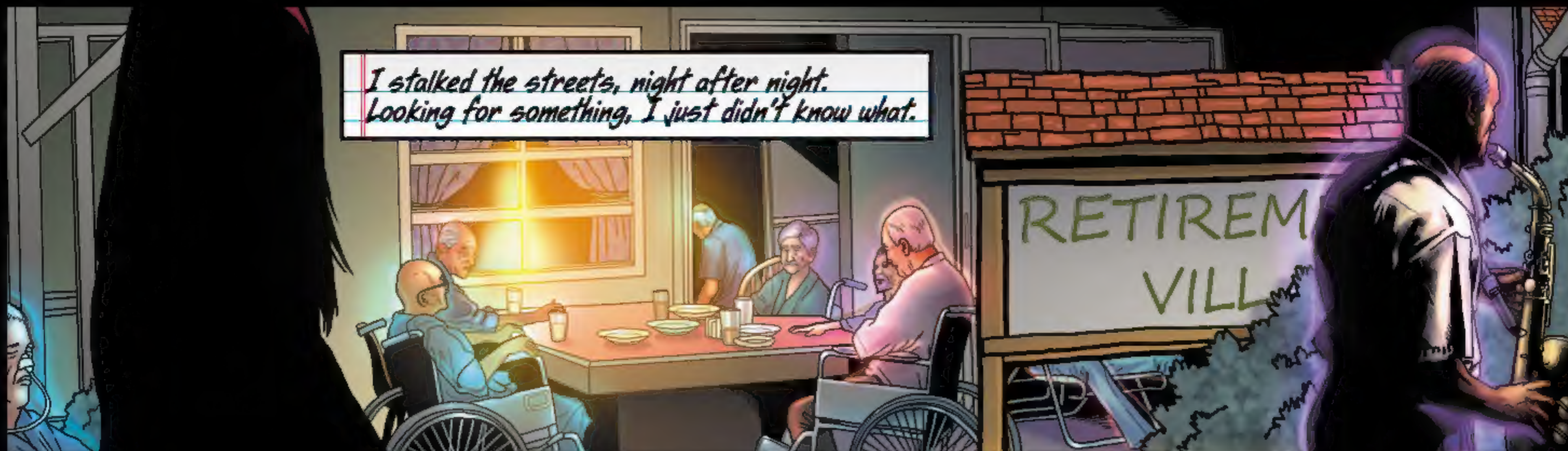


*Others flickered like tiny candles.*



*But they all called out to me. Begging me to take them.*





*I stalked the streets, night after night.  
Looking for something, I just didn't know what.*



*Until I saw her light.*

ANGELS!

*Her light wasn't just  
bright, it blazed.*



YOU DON'T KNOW  
NOTHING ABOUT NO  
ANGELS, IDA MAY  
WALKER!

I'VE SEEN 'EM,  
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE  
GIRL. THEY WOULD  
COME TO ME.

THEN HOW  
COME I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ONE?



*I had to make her light mine.*

MAYBE  
THEY DON'T  
WANT YOU TO SEE  
THEM BECAUSE  
YOU'RE SUCH A  
SOURPUSS!

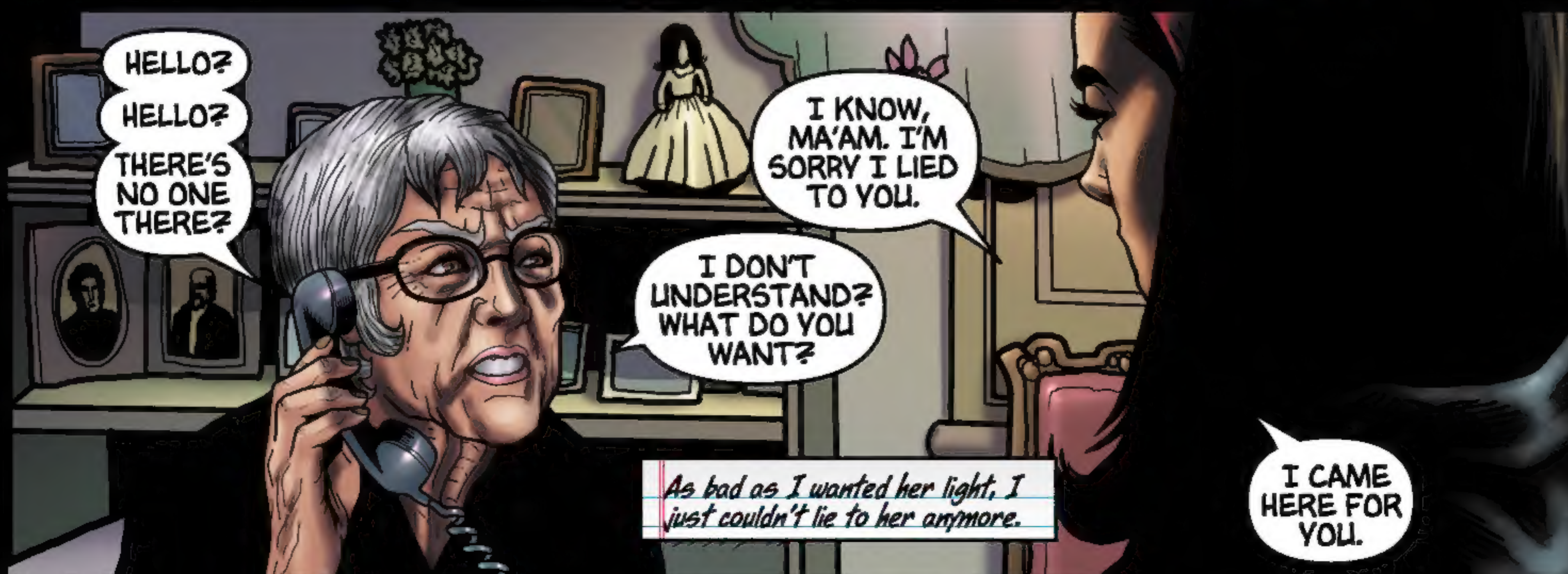
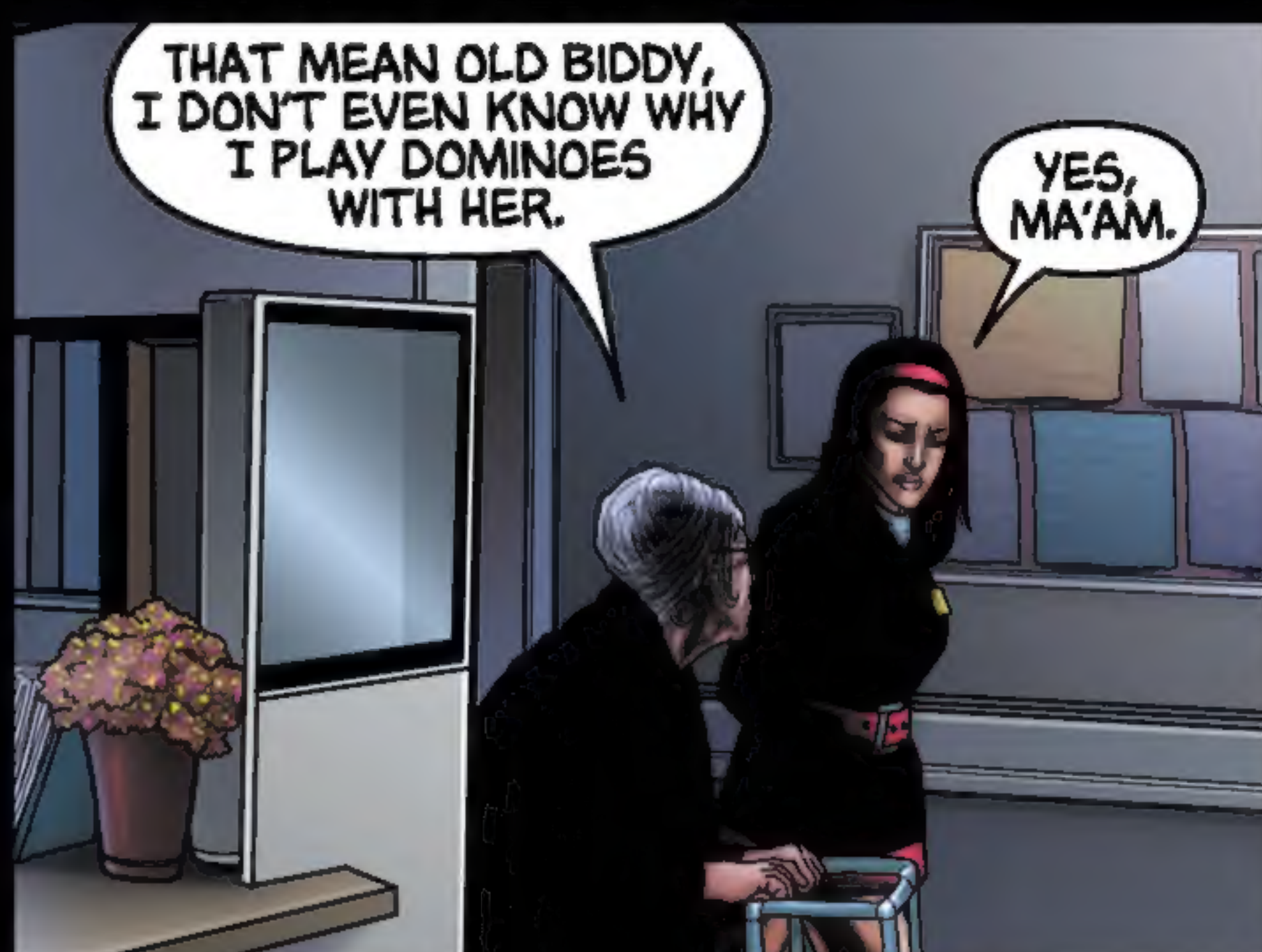
MAYBE  
YOU'RE A  
NUT!



DO  
YOU NEED  
A VISITOR'S  
PASS,  
MISS?

WHAT?  
OH, YES.









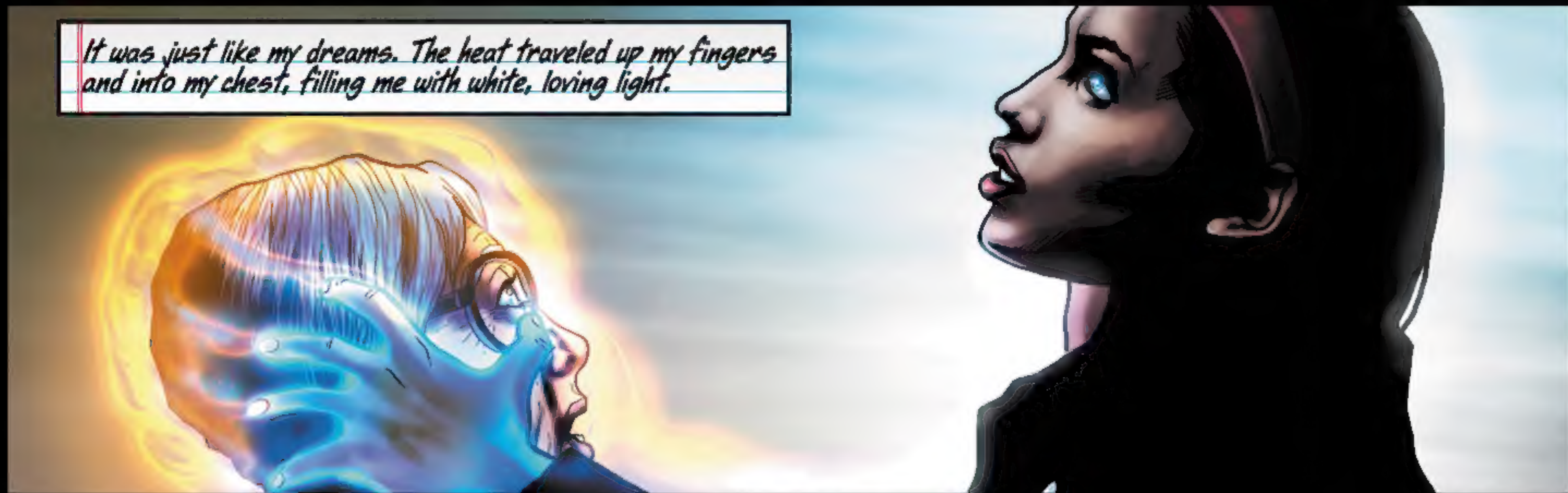
FOR ME?  
ARE YOU?  
ARE YOU AN  
ANGEL?

AN  
ANGEL?



Okay, I lied a little.

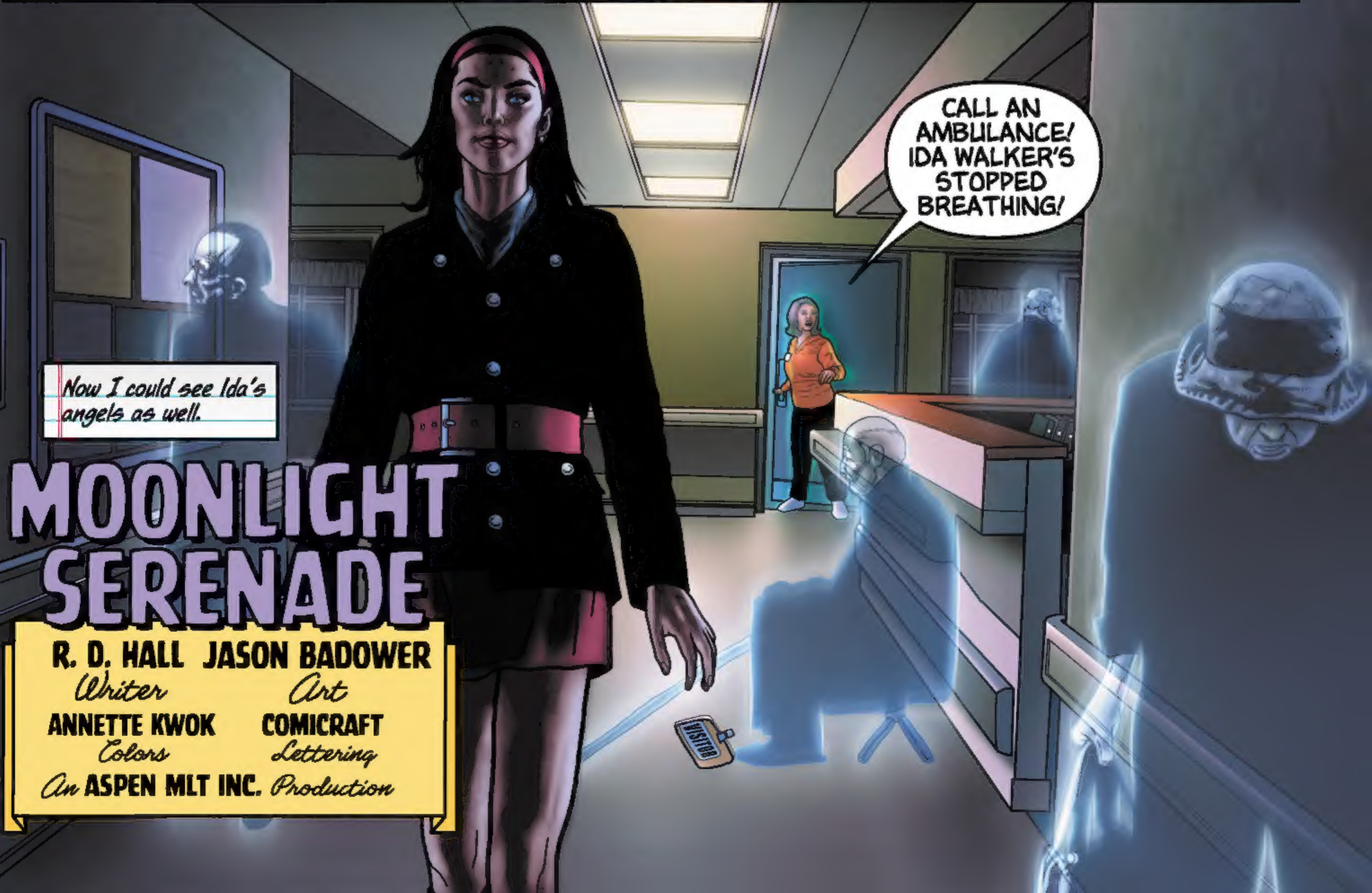
YES  
MY DEAR,  
OF COURSE  
I AM.



*It was just like my dreams. The heat traveled up my fingers  
and into my chest, filling me with white, loving light.*



*And something else.*



CALL AN  
AMBULANCE!  
IDA WALKER'S  
STOPPED  
BREATHING!

*Now I could see Ida's  
angels as well.*

# MOONLIGHT SERENADE

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